

Arizona Republican's Editorial Page

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SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 29, 1915

If ye believe a' ye hear, ye may
eat a' ye see.

—Scotch Proverb.

Investments in Roads

There is a general agreement that money spent for good roads is a good investment. But we do not always understand how directly the dividends may be paid. We are apt to figure that the investment is good only because we can haul heavier loads over good roads, haul them quicker and with less wear of vehicles, so that thereby the cost of transportation is reduced. We figure also that the value of property in the vicinity of good roads is increased.

All this is correct figuring, but now and then the profit from good roads comes in the shape of needed and increased business. Whether the business comes at all is entirely dependent upon the roads.

The other day an important mining deal was concluded, as a result of which, operations are to be begun on an extensive scale on properties lying about fifty miles north of the city, in this county. Hundreds of men will be employed and great quantities of machinery and supplies will be needed. Work on this property, it is expected, will be immediately followed by work on other properties in the famous old Silver Top district. That district had been worked for silver and gold, but it is rich in copper, and that is to be developed.

There are two ways to get into the district. One is by the way of Phoenix and the Black Canyon road. The other is by the way of Prescott, to Turkey on a branch of the S. F. P. & P. and after that a sixteen-mile haul over a mountain road, said to be a good one as mountain roads go, for Yavapai county has been engaged in good-road building.

At present, there is no way from Phoenix to this district—that is no way which is attractive to the mine owners. It would not pay them to use the Black Canyon road in its present shape. It is level most of the way, but a level road may be impassable, and the Black Canyon road is impassable in many places for heavily-laden wagons. The roundabout way, by the way of Prescott, Turkey and the good mountain road, is the more inviting.

It is estimated that the Black Canyon road could be made the more inviting by the expenditure of \$2500. It would seem that the business of such a mining district would be a big dividend on a \$2500 investment.

It is stated by mining men that if there was a good road between the valley and the Superior mining district in Pinal county, the bulk of the business of that growing district would be done with the valley towns. The twelve miles of the road in Pinal county is a fairly good stretch, superior to the desert road on the Maricopa side of the line, and the farther one comes this way the worse the road gets until he reaches Tempe. Here is another good chance for an investment.

Electricity for the Farm

An election will be held next Wednesday in Electrical District No. 1, on a proposition to issue bonds in the sum of \$100,000 for the construction of a distributing system. There are included in the district forty-four sections lying north and east of this city. Experts have figured the cost of construction at about \$96,000. It is estimated that there will be at least 500 families to use electricity in the district, and the income would amount to \$15,000 annually, sufficient to pay considerably more than the running expenses and the interest on the bonds. Under the law a redemption fund would not be begun to be established until after the end of the second year. It is estimated that the cost of the system would amount to 20 cents on each \$100 of valuation within the district, to be paid in twenty years.

When we first began talking of building the Roosevelt dam one of the most attractive features of the enterprise was the development of electrical energy which should be carried to every farm within the project. Of course, the primary and most important object of the enterprise was the development of water for irrigation, but the electrical feature was a most appealing one and the most spectacular one.

It held out a hope of relief from the drudgery of the farm, of a gift of the comforts and conveniences of urban life. Farm houses would be lighted with electricity; washers, churns and all household machinery would be operated by it. Fans would diffuse comfort. Electricity would be made to take the place of fuel for cooking. Labor and discomfort would be reduced to a minimum. It would run pumps, feed cutters, grinders, grindstones, separators, and perform much of the back-breaking labor of the farm.

There had been some delay on the part of the reclamation service in making electricity available for the farmers, but now it is ready and an electrical district has been organized to accept it.

We are aware that in that part of the district

adjacent to Phoenix on the north there is a rather vigorous opposition to the bond issue, we believe, on the ground that that territory is already served. Though the rate within the district should be smaller, many of the property owners in that part of the district believe that the difference would be more than offset by the additional tax on their high-priced holdings. It may, therefore, turn out that it would have been better if the district had been more restricted, to be increased later by units, and if the territory adjacent to the city on the north had been excluded.

We do not know whether any of the farmers in the rest of the district are opposed to the enterprise. We can say to them that if it should not be successful here it can be successful nowhere in the world, and the distribution of electricity has been successful in every rural community where it has been introduced.

Our farmers have an advantage over those of any other community of which we know. Elsewhere, farmers have to buy power and light from producing companies. Here they will be using their own power and light. They are the producers, and surely they ought to consume their own product to their own advantage, for what they do not use of it will be lost, wasted. They have more than they can sell to others.

The Republican has always felt a keen interest in the application of electricity to the users of the farm. For three years it has steadily urged that it might be made available, and when it became available, that the farmers organize to make use of it.

B. L. T. of the Chicago Tribune, in criticism of a statement by a war correspondent that "the Emperor faced toward the horizon," remarks: "At Novo-Georgievsk, as at the Pole, the horizon comes down on all sides." Yes, but not quite so close, on account of the name which covers a considerable area. The horizon remains at a respectable distance from many Russian towns and some American ones—for instance, Schenectady.

The Tucson Citizen warns the republicans of Arizona that no weakness of the democrats will make republican success possible unless there is a new republican deal. There must be new forces in republican leadership. There must be a taking of a lot of back seats by those who have been occupying front ones.

If the burglar or burglars who have been ransacking the houses of state officials have been looking for money, they have read the newspapers to little purpose. They should know that the salaries of the officials have been suspended along with the general appropriation law.

A MAN OF WOE

He was past middle age, dejected looking, with a killyb visage, but as he sat there on the banks of Pine lake, the resort near Lansing, I engaged him in conversation. I append our dialogue to you as a reminder of David Grayson—he's so different.

"How is the fishing here?" I asked inductively, noting a number of men in boats engaged in the pastime.

"Don't see any fish; do you?"
"I can't say that I do," was my reply.
"Well, you ain't goin' to, either. Ain't any, that's why."

He took up the questioning:
"Expect to see the balloon ascension?"
"Why, yes," I said. "I suppose so, as I'm going to be here all day."

"Well, you won't see any."
"Is that so? Why?"
"Ain't goin' to be any, that's why."

I began to feel chilled. He came again:
"Heard about the barbecue and the roast ox?"
"Yes," said I. "I understood there was to be such a feature of the day."

"Don't see any ox, do you? Well, there won't be any. They have to roast an ox a day ahead for a barbecue. They didn't. You won't see any. They Ain't roasted it, that's why."

I prepared to move on to a more congenial spot. Mr. Kill-joy looked up.
"First time you were ever here?"
I confessed it was my initial offense.

"Well, you never will come again, I guess. We'll never see you any more. So long."

I left him to drown in the depths of his woe.—
"T. M. G." in Detroit News.

PICTURES TAKEN BY NIGHT

Brazil, Ind.—Arthur Butts, 28 years old, claims to have invented wireless photography. He says it will be of immense value in warfare, enabling the taking of pictures of forts and armies many miles away, either in the darkest night or the brightest day.

The secrets of this wonderful invention Butts will not divulge, his purpose being to make it impossible for anyone to steal the secrets for use of any other nation. Like Edison, he will be quite willing to give proper authorities full information in case the United States ever becomes involved in war, but he positively refuses to hint at the mechanism or pliancy of his invention.

"With my present apparatus, which is operated by a 6-cell dry battery," says Butts, "I can stand at the bottom of a deep well or in a mine, for that matter, and take a photograph of an object a mile and a half away."

"And what is more, the apparatus will register on the photograph the distance in feet from the object photographed to the place where the photographer operates. With higher power the photograph may be taken from two to four miles away, or even farther, according to the voltage."

To demonstrate the success of his apparatus Butts took a photograph of the Brazil Clay company's plant, a mile and a half away, one dark, rainy night. The photograph is as plain as though it had been taken by a regular camera at a short distance.

Butts is employed as locomotive fireman, and does most of his work after night.—Chicago Herald.

BUSINESS MUST BE GOOD

Mick and Pat went up to London together, and as they strolled down one of the streets Pat noticed a shop which a solicitor had taken temporarily while his offices were being repaired. As there was nothing in the windows, Pat went inside to inquire the reason. He saw two clerks sitting on their high stools busily writing.

"I say," said Pat, "what do you sell here? You have nothing in the window?"

"Oh," said one of the clerks with a smile, "we sell monkeys here."

"Well, then," returned Pat, "you must be doing a roaring trade—only two of you left."

Little James

(How the Sinking of Unarmed and Unresisting Ships Acts as an Antidote to Ennui in the German Foreign Office.)

"Whenever you want another," sez Admiral von Tirpitz to Mister Von Jagow th' German Foreign Minister, "let me know an' I'll git it fer you."

"I don't want to order no more," sez Mister Von Jagow th' German Foreign Minister, "I want to order no more."

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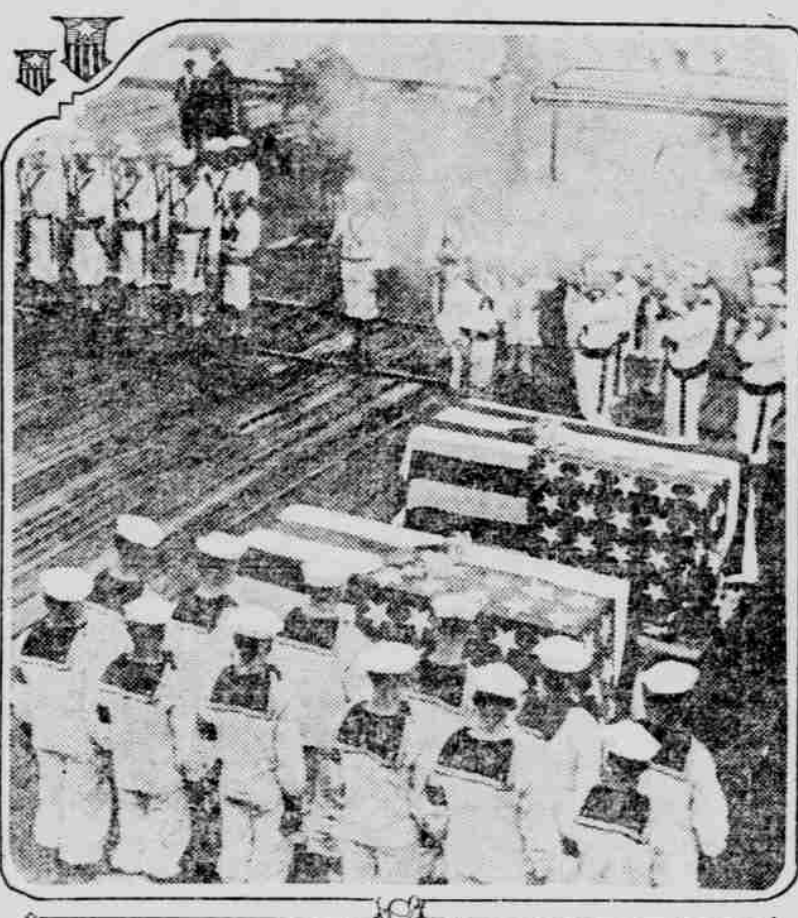
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NAVAL HONORS ACCORDED BLUEJACKETS WHO GAVE LIVES FOR PEACE IN HAYTI



Sailors firing volley over bluejackets' coffins.

Boston accorded naval honors to William Gompers of Brooklyn, N. Y., a nephew of Samuel Gompers, the president of the American Federation of Labor, and Carson Whitehurst of Norfolk, Va., both members of the crew of the U. S. S. Washington, who were killed on July 29 when some Haitian rebels resisted the landing of the American sailors at Port-au-Prince. After sailors had fired a volley over the flag-draped coffins on the pier at Charleston navy yard, Boston, the hearses were escorted through the city by a naval delegation and the bodies put on the train to be taken to relatives.

Uncensored Sense and Nonsense

(By Remick)

He ate shredded wheat biscuit, they say.
Rolled oats and puffed wheat twice a day.
And they found when he died
That his stomach inside
Contained but a big bale of hay.
(Longfellow)

And, though vegetarian friends may not agree, it teaches us that this might be a profitable proposition if ones family was big enough—with hay at the present prices.

Well, we are going to do the paying around the P. O. and Central school. There is not very much made of it; but we think thee for that and live in hopes.

Besides that, it may grow into a habit.

"Hard times."
I know a man—he thinks he is a "business man" and he is enjoying "hard times" at present. He is in the midst of a "financial panic" right now.

—I am one of my many friends—here and there—who are in the same predicament. They have all switched political faiths from time to time—they have changed location and even business and they have found the result always the same—"hard times" and "panic" and "money tightness."

These friends of mine wear perfectly good signs on their office windows, their addits in the newspapers read all right, all their lines are out, and yet no business comes to them.

It won't come, my friend, it's elusive. You have to put on your bonnet and go out and drag it in. In other words if you are not a hustler you might as well go to work for some one who is. The hustler is the party who gets the business and you are a back number and a down-and-out-er if you think that business is going to fall all over itself in trying to get into your office.

This is an age of hustling and many of us know not the art—for art indeed it is. Those who are timid or retiring must fail unless they are able to assume a front. Hustlers are endowed with real nerve, untiring energy and a vast amount of earnestness. They are not bluffers.

To be a successful hustler a man must be an intense believer in the thing which he is advocating. He must be absolutely truthful if he would be successful. He must be prepared to make good on any thing he says and to do it now.

Because you are not a good or successful hustler if you let the other fellow out-point you. Be RIGHT and HONEST, and EARNEST and then GO AFTER IT. There is your panic averter old friend.

TAKING IT OUT IN TALK
First Motorist (after very narrow shave)—"But why all this fuss? We haven't damaged you. You can't bring an action against us."

Second Motorist—"I know I can't, sir; I know I can't; that's just my point."—Punch.

PARADOXICAL ENERGY
"The European kings and princes appear to think it their duty to go to the front and fight with their troops."

"Yet, strange to say, they are literally soldiering on the job."—Baltimore American.

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pened had you secured a

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A RUINED HOUSE AT PENCHARD

The driver pointed to the village of Penchard, which had been pillaged and burned by the enemy. It was only about a mile off, but in the strong, dazzling light we could distinguish not the least sign of damage. Then we came to a farmhouse by the roadside. It was empty; it was a shell, and its roof was damaged. The Germans had gutted it. They had taken away its furniture as booty. What they intended to do with furniture out of a perfectly mediocre farmhouse hundreds of miles from home it is difficult to imagine. Articles which it did not suit them to carry off they destroyed. Wine casks, of which they could not drink the wine, they stove in. And then they retreated.

This farmhouse was somebody's house, just as your home is yours and mine is mine. To some woman or other every object in it was familiar; she glanced at the canister on the mantelpiece and said to herself, "I really must clean that canister tomorrow." There the house stood with holes in its roof, empty. And if there are a half million similarly tragic houses in Europe today, as probably there are, such frequent diminish the forlorn tragedy of that particular house which I beheld.

Arnold Bennett in the Saturday Evening Post.

OVER THE PHONE
"If a man does anything well the world will beat a path to his door."

"How about the fellow who raises skunks?"—Chicago Herald.

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ASK YOUR BANKER

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